

Dried and Evaporated Fruits

At this season of the year are filling the place of exhausted supplies of canned and fresh foods. To fill this vacancy we have in stock the following:

New Peaches, per lb.	15c
New Nectarines, per lb.	20c
New Golden Apples, per lb.	15c
New Apples, per lb.	15c
Large Slice Prunes, per lb.	15c
Large Harvest Prunes, per lb.	15c
Small Harvest Prunes, per lb.	15c
Dried Apples, per lb.	15c
Finest Hollowed Date, 3 lbs. for	25c
Crochery and China Department	Upstairs

J. A. Wilson
Queen St. GPO. Phone 77

ASK FOR

Maple City Brand

Hams and Bacon

PUT UP BY
J. P. Taylor

Park Street East, Telephone 187

SEEDS

ALSIKE, RED CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
SEED PEAS, CORN, BARLEY AND BEANS.

All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new, no old stock.

FLOUR AND FEED

Baled Hay and Straw

Wholesale and Retail.

Tennent & Burke

Phone 509, Stone Block

The Chatham Loan & Savings Co.

INCORPORATED IN N.S. 1900

CAPITAL \$1,000,000

Money to Lend on Mortgages

For more information apply to the company or to the undersigned.

Interest on deposits from 4 to 6 per cent, according to the nature of the deposit.

S. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Spring

Painting and Paper Hanging

H. D. Eldridge, 20 years experience

Graining, Glazing, Tinting and Hard

Oil Finishing. All work done in this

line will be first-class in every par-

ticular and the prices will be satis-

factory. Shop Wellington Street,

opposite Central School, residence

Grey Street, four doors from Lacroix

Street. Orders left at either place

will receive prompt attention. If you

value your interest give me a call.

ROBES, BLANKETS

Sleigh Bells, Skates
mitts, Gloves

While they last at special cut prices.

Also a general line of staples, such as

Glass, Paints,

Oils, Nails,

Screws, Bolts,

Builders Hardware,

Forks, Shovels,

Fence Wire,

Implements

of all kinds

See our Sewing Machines.

Repairing done.

King, Cunningham & Drew

King Street, Chatham

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U=need=A

Package of Laundry done in the very

best possible manner sent it

to the

Parisian Steam Laundry

Co.

TELEPHONE 20.

RACE OF A GENDARME

PIERRE DELOIRE LEARNS AN ODD CUSTOM OF OUR HORSEMEN.

The Habit Among Americans of Riding Bareheaded is Not Generally Known Among Europeans, and in Some Cases Has Caused Amusing Misunderstandings.

The growing custom among American horsemen of riding bareheaded is not generally known among Europeans, and in some cases has caused rather amusing misunderstandings. The recent arrival from Paris relates the following experience of a French mounted policeman.

One evening Pierre Deloire, mounted gendarme, was riding slowly in the Bois de Boulogne, bemoaning the unkind fate which gave him no opportunity for showing his skill and bravery. Why couldn't I have been among those sent to disperse the rioters in the Rue Chabrol? he thought. "And the week before, why couldn't that horse have waited until I was on duty before running away with the rich American lady? Why?"

But here his thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a quick clattering of hoofs behind him. He drew rein, and as he turned his head, a horse with hatless rider dashed by him like a flash.

"A chance at last!" thought Pierre as he drove his spurs savagely into the little mare's sides and started in mad pursuit up the Bois.

"Runaway! runaway! runaway!" sounded the fugitive's hoofs upon the road.

"After you! after you! after you!" pattered the little French mare as she gradually lessened the distance between them.

On they tore. Once, under an arc light, the man ahead turned halfway in his saddle and looked back over his shoulder for an instant. The vision of that set face made Pierre renew his efforts, and the little French mare responded nobly. "After you, after you, after you!" she pattered, and soon only a length separated the two. Three hundred yards more and they would be on even terms. Now on the right, some two hundred paces up the road, the lights of the Cafe Madame came into view.

"Sapristi, the cafe!" shouted Pierre, hoping that the hatless rider might still have enough control to guide his horse from the tables and windows that meant his certain destruction.

"Yes, the cafe," answered back the other in a voice that evidently showed he realized his danger.

But the mad horse seemed attracted by the lights and did not change his course. Pierre was desperate. Now the little mare was even with the other's saddle girths, but there were those tables only fifty yards away. Now tables only fifty yards away. Now tables only fifty yards away. Now tables only fifty yards away.

As they went tearing through the gate, the little mare forced her nose slightly to the left and Pierre was just reaching over to grasp the rein, when, as if by magic, the runaway stopped.

"You have won, M'sieur," drawled its rider with a slight American accent. "What will you have to drink?"

But Pierre Deloire had already turned his horse toward the Bois, and was once more cursing at unkind fate in general with a special clause added pertaining to Americans.

Little Ella's Table.

As two jackals and a fox were traveling in company they came upon a dead chicken lying on the ground, and at once there was a quarrel between the jackals as to which should have the prize. They finally settled it by dividing the chicken between them, leaving the fox entirely out of the affair. An owl who had observed the proceedings asked the fox:

"But where do you come into this thing, Mr. Reynard?"

"Oh, I take my share in natural philosophy," replied the fox. "Firstly, that chicken was killed and placed here for an object. Secondly, the body was poisoned, and thirdly, there go those jackals tumbling about and making their last kicks."

"And I may say further," observed Reynard, as he scratched his ear with his paw, "that when you are offered something for nothing it's a good idea to let somebody else sample it first."

A woodman who was passing through the forest came upon a bear who was rolling over and over on the ground and uttering the most dismal complaints. Bruin had one eye closed and was covered from head to heels with lumps and knobs and knots.

"What cheer?" gayly cried the woodman, as he drew nearer.

"Bees!" moaned the bear.

"But nature gave you a coat of fur to protect you from the stings of bees," "So she did," answered the bear, "but she also made me fool enough to want honey just the same when I was shedding my coat, and every sting would lift me a foot higher."

MORAL: None of us is ever satisfied with a good thing.

How Lemons Are Artificially Made Sour.

Until recently the California people did not know how to cure lemons. The fruit was never acid enough. There would be plenty of juice, but it contained a high percentage of sugar and a small percentage of acid, which made it unmarketable.

A few years ago the lemon-growers clubbed together and sent experts over to Italy and Spain to learn the business, and now they are producing much better results.

They pick the fruit before it begins to turn yellow, and put it in a curing house, where it is kept at an even temperature of about fifty degrees for about twenty days, which dispenses with all the sugar.

It is then removed to another temperature for sixty days more before it is ready for the market. Thus the highest degree of acid and the largest degree of juice can be obtained. One of the curious effects of this "sweating" process is to reduce the thickness of the skin. It originally grows thick and tough, but the acid evidently eats it up.

Gunn's Cura Cough

IS THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE

For Young and Old

We have many reasons to make us think so. The people who have used it tell us so. Every year we have sold more than we did the year before, twice as many bottles last year as we did the year previous. It is purely vegetable, and contains nothing that will in any way injure the most delicate system. It loosens the cough, soothes and heals the irritated throat and gives prompt relief.

Price 25 Cents

Prepared only at

Central Drug Store

C. H. Gunn & Co.

Cor. King and 5th Sts.—Phone 106

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Witticisms of the Little Ones Which Are Greatly Enjoyed.

Little sister is telling a fairy tale to her baby brother. She says, impressively, "And the wicked giant seized the man, and took a large knife and cut out his heart, his liver and his bacon."

"What kind of a dog is that papa?" asked a small Johnny, as he observed the big animal chasing his own tail.

"That's a watch-dog," replied the father.

"And will he go as soon as he winds himself up?" asked Johnny.—Chicago News.

It was the first time little four-year-old Willie had ever seen a snake, and as it writhed and squirmed along he ran into the house to tell of his discovery. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "come here quick. Here's a tail wagging without any dog!"—Chicago News.

A little girl who had been sent to school for the first time, on her return confessed to her mother that she did not like it. "The teacher put me on a chair," she explained, "and told me to sit there for the present, and I sat and sat, but she never gave me any present."

History is all the time having new readings, and some of the best of them come from the mouths of children.

"When Rome was burning, the Emperor Nero was playing a fiddle," so the teacher told Robbie. And this was what Robbie told his mother that evening.

"The Emperor Nero was playing a fiddle, so they turned Rome!"

In a car a small boy was observed to be suddenly excited, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor came to ask his fare. There was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: "Please charge it to my papa; I've swallowed the money."

There was a disagreement, and the mother undertook to straighten things out.

"Why can't you play nicely?" she asked.

"Cause he wants to boss things," answered the younger. "He wants me to play I'm president of the United States."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Cause it's my turn to be Dewey."—Chicago Evening Post.

The other evening at dinner the face of four-year-old Edith was lighted up with unusual beauty, and her dark eyes had a dreamy, far-away look that prompted her mother to ask, "What are you thinking about, darling?"

"Oh," replied the little miss, "I was just wondering whether you chewed your pudding or swallowed it whole."

—Chicago News.

Danny's father, who is a farmer and stock-grower, took several car-loads of hogs reared on his farm to Chicago, where he sold them to a great pork-packing firm. While in Chicago Danny's father received the following letter from the little boy:

"Dear Papa:—Did you see Mr. Arm-our kill the big fat hog with the black tale, and didn't he think it was a bust-er? I was sorry to see the hogs leave the farm, and you most of all. Your loving son."

"Daddy."

What probably is the busiest draw-bridge in the country crosses New-town Creek, between Greenpoint and Long Island City. The span is about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the creek, where it enters the East river, and so practically all the traffic into and out of this noisome but busy waterway passes between its abutments.

Last Wednesday there passed through in the single day 720 vessels. It is not uncommon to see three to six vessels pass at one opening-of-the-draw. Some of the tugs are arranged so that the draw need not be opened to pass of their passing. The funnels of these little "puflers," as they are called on the bridge, are hinged, and when they approach without a tow the funnels are dropped and there is room enough for them to pass under the bridge without trouble to the men who turn the long crank that swings the draw—for the bridge is not fitted with the steam appliance by which this is accomplished on other similar structures.

Newtown Creek is lined with oil works, coal yards and lumber yards, and most of the freight is carried through the bridge to these places.

GAS

The proper time to have a Gas Range put in is now. Gas is the cheapest, most convenient fuel.

CHATHAM GAS CO., LIMITED

MARYLAND FOLKLORE.

Superstitions as to Hunting, Witches and Selling One's Soul to the Devil.

Interesting stories drawn from the folklore of Maryland, particularly that of the western part of the State, were told recently by members of the Folklore society at their meeting in Donovon Room of Johns Hopkins University. Mr. Crum, who is a native of Frederick county and a graduate of Johns Hopkins University under Prof. Newcomb, in the department of mathematics, contributed a paper on "Witch Stories and Conjurings." Some of the superstitions he told of were as follows:

"A Hunting Charm—Whenever you kill a bear, deer, or turkey dip a number of bullet patches in the fresh blood of the animal. You must on no account give any of these patches away."

"When you are out hunting again for the same kind of game load as follows: Take a bloody patch, well greased, place your bullet on it, then cross yourself and, as you push the bullet home, repeat: 'Good luck! Good luck! You will certainly bring home game of the same kind as that whose blood was on the patch. Do not keep the patches near your bed or in your sleeping room. The spirits make a noise in the box where the patches are and will not let you sleep. The sound is like a tick tick tick, but it gets louder and louder, until you cannot sleep."

"Witch Killing—If horses are so badly bewitched that one dies the following will deprive the witch of her power. Take the dead horse out into a field and burn the carcass beside a tree. First cut a cross in the tree, then drive a nail in at the cross. Now take your rifle which must be loaded with a silver bullet, choose a position so that the fire is between you and the tree and shoot over the fire at the nail. When you hit the nail the witch will lose her power, and you cannot miss with the silver bullet."

"To Sell One's Self to the Devil—Go to the crossroads at midnight alone and play on the banjo. If you really want to sell yourself to the devil he will appear and will dance as you play. Then you promise something fearful. Any one who thus sold himself was said to be able to outplay and outdance any competitors."

"A Method for a Girl to Try Her Fortune—Put an egg to the fire and sit an hour. The wind will howl and the bark and the man you are to marry will come in and turn the egg around. If the egg bursts you will die for, possibly, my informant adds, you will never marry."—Baltimore Sun.

CUT OFF AT NINETY-THREE.

Boers Who Lamented the Early Demise of a Successful Ancestor.

The English have governed in South Africa for 100 years, driving into the desert the Dutch who wish to be independent. But the strange Boer race, which is not exactly Dutch, but a mixture of several races, including almost as strong an admixture of French Huguenot blood as the blood of Holland, and including also a dash of German, English and Scottish—always comes uppermost in the affairs of the colonies.

At this day the "Afrikanders," or Dutch-speaking colonials, bear away by virtue of their majority in Cape Colony itself. An Austrian traveler, Herr von Hubner, tells us this is so.

The Boers love South Africa, and have no desire to live anywhere else. They have taken deep root in the soil. They have completely adapted themselves to the climate and conditions of life. They live to a great age, and great families of children are born to them.

Herr von Hubner visited a family of French Huguenot origin. Hugo, by name, was in mourning for the head of the family. The family had mostly assembled on account of the old man's death, and there was a great crowd.

"How many descendants did Herr Hugo leave?" the visitor asked.

"He had 232 in all," was the answer, "but there are only 211 living now."

"All children and grandchildren?"

"And great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren."

"How did he happen to die?"

"That is what one can tell," they answered, shaking their heads. "He never had a sick day in his life, he never took to his bed, and he seemed to drop off all at once. It is a profound mystery."

"But how old was he?"

"Only 93."

No such English-speaking patri-archs as this are found. The English abandon the country as soon as they can; if they must remain to complete the making of a fortune, or to earn a livelihood, they send their children "home" to England to be educated.

The Boers of French origin are proud of it, and even call themselves French sometimes, but they do not speak a word of the French language. They are as completely assimilated as the Boer nationality as any European emigrant in the second generation in America is to our.

Busiest Drawbridge in all New York.

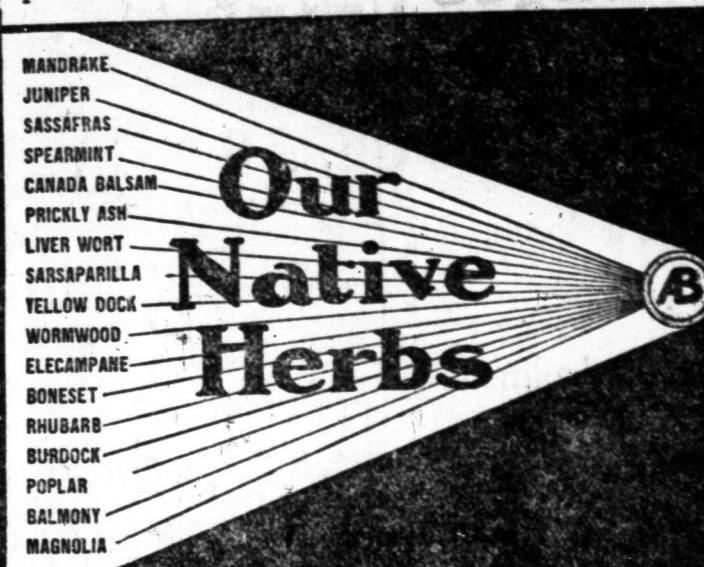
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A Tablet of Tonics

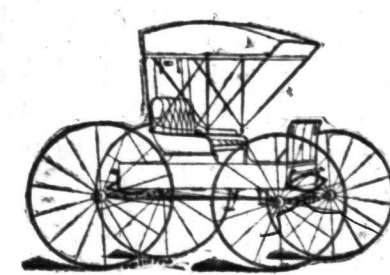
The medicinal property of each of this list of herbs and barks is a specific for some particular disorder in the human system. The combination of all these curative properties in one tablet produces a remedy for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Blood or Kidneys which, for quick and permanent results, has never been equaled.



is nature's grandest remedy. It contains no mineral substance, no morphine, opium or other false stimulant. Every box is registered and numbered, and contains a guarantee that in case a purchaser is not cured after using one box as directed, the price of the medicine will be refunded. OUR NATIVE HERBS is sold in tablets, also in powdered form, at \$1.00 a box, containing 200 day's treatment. If you can't get it at your drug-gists we will mail it to you on receipt of price.

THE ALONZO O. BLISS CO., 232 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Canada.

Do You Want A Buggy?



No 400 Piano Box Buggy. This is our special buggy and is fitted with the "Mather Thousand Mile Axle." It has a phaeton seat, spring back and cushion, making it luxurious and comfortable.

If you have need for a vehicle of any kind, or think that you have used your old rig long enough we invite you to call and inspect our large and assorted line of vehicles. We use no cheap but the best material in the manufacture of our buggies and take them up with the strongest kind of a guarantee. Our prices are very reasonable considering the high quality of the work. Our terms of payment are easy. WE BUILD FARM WAGONS AND FARM TRUCKS.

WM. GRAY & SONS CO., Limited

Are You Going to Paint This Spring?

IF SO, GEO. STEPHENS & CO., HAVE EVERYTHING YOU REQUIRE FOR THE PURPOSE.



All Over The World. The largest and most successful paint dealers in the world sell Geo. Stephens & Co.'s Alabastine. Alabastine which dries upon ceilings and walls, and is used for painting—then peel and scale and rub off easily. Alabastine grows harder with age. Cold water and a brush is all that's needed. We recommend it for its durability—the case with which it is applied—in durability. Let us show you the sixteen beautiful tints (and white), of Church's Alabastine. (Never used in bulk.)

ALABASTINE. Our Ready Mixed Paints are fresh and true to sample and we have over sixty shades to choose from. Any man, woman, or boy can use them and do just as good work as an expert. We have everything in Wall Paper, Kaleemine or Alabastine and Brushes of every description to do the work with. Ask for one of our color cards.

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